

A Pleasant New BALLAD to sing Evening and Morn, Of the Bloody MURDER of Sir JOHN BARLEY-CORN.

To the Tune of, *Shall I live beyond thee, &c.*

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



As I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry meeting,
A pleasant top, and full of joy,
two Noble-men were greeting:

And as they walked forth to sport,
upon a Summer's day;
They met another Noble-man,
with whom they had a fray.

His name was Sir John Barley-corn,
he dwelt down in a bale;
And had a kinsman dwelt with him,
they call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

The one named Sir Richard Beer,
was ready at that time,
And likewise came a buxle Beer,
call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black sack,
some of them in a can;
But yet the chiefest in a black pot,
fought like a Noble man.

Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
who won the victory;
Which made them all to chafe and swear,
that Barley-corn must dye.

Some said kill him, some said him drown,
some wish'd to hang him high,
For those that followed Barley-corn,
they said would beggars dye.

Then with a plow they plow'd him up,
and thus they did devise,
To bury him within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they came to him,
and burst clods on his head;
A joyful banquet then was made,
when Barley-corn was dead.

He rested still upon the earth,
till rain from sky did fall;
Then he grew up on branches green,
which sore amaz'd them all.

Increasing thus till Midsummer,
he made them all afraid;
For he sprung up on high,
and had a godly beard.

When ripening at St. James's tide,
his countenance waxed wan,
Yet now full grown in part of strength,
and thus became a man.

Wherefore with hooks and sickles ken,
unto the field they hie'd,
They cut his leggs off by the knees,
and limb from limb divide.

Then bloodily they cut him down,
from place where he did stand,
And like a thief for treachery
they bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
according to his kind,
And plac'd him up in several sacks,
to wither with the wind.

Then with a pitchfork sharp and long
they rent him to the heart,
And traitor-like for treason vile,
they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
unto the town they hie,
Whereas they mow'd him in a mow,
and so they let him lye.

They left him groaning by the walls,
till all his bones was soze,
And having took him up again
they cast him on the floze.

And hired two with holly-clubs
to beat at him as once;
Who thrwackt so hard on Barley-corn,
the flesh fell from his bones.

Then after took him up again,
to please some womens mind,
Yea, dusted, fann'd, and lifted him,
till he was almost blind.

Full fast they knit him in a sack,
which griev'd him very soze,
And soundly slept him in a fat,
for three days space and more.

from whence again they took him out,
and laid him forth to dye;
Then cast him on the chamber-floze,
and swore that he should dye.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down,
and oft did toy and ture,
The Salt-man likewise bows his death
his body should be cure.

They pull'd and hal'd him up in spight,
and threw him on a kill,
Yea, dy'd him o're a fire hot,
the more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forc'd him frast,
whereas they bruis'd his bones,
The Miller swore to murder him
betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time that they took him up,
they scorb'd him worse then that,
For with hot scolding liquor soze
they wash'd him in a fat.

But not content with this, God wot,
they wrought him so much harm,
With cruel threat they promise next,
to beat him into a harm.

And lying in this danger deep,
for fear that he should quarrel,
They heat'd him straight out of the fat,
and turn'd into the barrel.

They roar'd and brack'd it with a tap,
so thus his death began,
And drew out every drop of blood,
while any drop would run.

Some brought in sacks upon their backs,
some brought in bowls and pail,
Yea, every man some weapon had,
poor Barley-corn to kill.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And took by strength their tongues away,
their legs, and eke their sight.

Sir John at last in this respect,
so paid them all their hire,
That some lay bleeding by the walls,
some tumbling in the mire;

Some lay groaning by the walls,
some fell stich' steez down-right,
The wisest of them scarcely knew
what he had done o're night.

All you good Wives that brew good ale,
God keep you from all teen,
But if you put too much water in,
the Devil put out your eye.

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A pleasant new Ballad to look upon, How MALT Deals with every Man.

MR. Malt is a Gentleman,
And hath been since the world began,
I never in my life knew any man,
could match with Master Malt, Sir.

I never knew any match Malt but once,
The Miller with his grinding-stones,
He pull'd his flesh from off his bones,
you never saw the like, Sir.

Malt, Malt, thou art a flower,
Beloved right well in every bower,
Thou canst not be missing one half hour,
you never, &c.

For laying of the stones so close,
Malt gave the Miller a copper-nose,
Saying, Thou and I will never be foes,
but unto thee I'll stick, Sir.

Malt gave the Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught him his Master Malt no know,
you never, &c.

Our Hostess's maid was much to blame,
To steal Malt away from her Dame,
And in her belly hide the same,
you never, &c.

That when the Malt did work in her head,
Twice in a day she would be sped,
At night she could not get to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet, Sir.

Then came in Master Smith,
And said, That Malt he was a thief;
But Malt gave him such a bath i'th' teeth,
you never, &c.

For when his iron was hot and red,
He had such an air all in his head,
His bon Comrades got him to bed,
for he was very sick, Sir.

The Carpenter came a piece to square,
And bid Malt come if he dare,
He'd thrash his sides and belly bare,
and him full soundly beat, Sir.

So fire he went well warm'd with chips,
Malt hit him right betwixt the lips,
And made him lame on both his hips,
you never, &c.

The Shoemaker sitting on his seat,
At Master Malt began to fret,
He said he would the Knave so beat,
with his sharp Spanish knife, Sir.

But Malt came peeping through the hall,
And did his brains so fiercely maul,
He turned round and caught a fall,
you never, &c.

The Weaver sitting in the loom,
He bearded Malt a cruel doom,
And made him to repulse the room,
or throw him in a dike, Sir.

Wherewith a court some Weavers kept,
And to their Hostess boldly kept,
Till charg'd with double pots they slept,
you never, &c.

The Tinker took the Weavers part;
Such furious rage possess his heart,
He took the pot and drank a quart,
his wits was very ripe, Sir.

For Malt the upper-hand so got,
He knew not how to pay the shot,

But part without the reckoning-pot,
and found his stomach sick, Sir.

The Taylor came to grind his sheers,
And shew'd to Malt what spleen he bears,
But soon they fell together by the ears,
and soze each other black, Sir.

And when his pressing-iron was hot,
He pressed the board instead of a coat,
And tailed home in a leather-bed-boast,
you never, &c.

The Tinker walking round the pan,
But Malt much fear'd his beer mouth'd can,
Though he had conquer'd many a man,
and laid him in the dike, Sir.

Yet was the Tinker gladly fain,
With Malt to have about oz twain,
Till he again was shot i'to' brain,
you never, &c.

Then bespake the Tinker anon,
And said he'd probe himself a man,
And laid at Malt till his legs were gone,
you never, &c.

The Saylor he did curse and ban,
He bid the boy go tap the can,
I'll have about with Malt anon,
you never, &c.

Aboard they went to try the match,
And long they play'd at hopz and catch,
Till Malt bestow'd him under a hatch,
you never, &c.

Then came a Chapman travelling by,
With cheapping long his throat was dry,
And at Master Malt did spy,
and furiously him struck, Sir.

Till having laid at Malt apace,
Great store of blood was in his face,
And he was found in such a case,
you never, &c.

The Mason came an oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound him to the good ale-stake,
you never, &c.

Then Malt began to tell his mind,
And ply'd them with beer, ale, and wine,
They left the brick-are, trowel behind,
they could not lap a brick, Sir.

Then came the Labourer in his hood,
And saw his two Masters how they stood,
He took his Master Malt by the hood,
and swore he would him strike, Sir.

Malt he ran, and for fear did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leap,
But Malt made him into the mortar to leap,
and there he fell a sleep, Sir.

The Glover came to buy a skin,
Malt hit him right above the chin;
Then Peter John came tumbling in,
you never, &c.

And laid on heads, and arms, and joints,
Took away gloves, and a gross of points,
And swore they'd pay him in quarts & pints,
you never, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
And pray my Host to be my friend,
To give me some drink or money to spend,
for Malt and I am quiet, Sir.